London, November xyth.

We went yesterday, along with Dutens, to Mr* M'Kenzie's at Petersham, and met Count Woronzow, We saw stars by daylight with Mr. M'Kenzie's equatorial — a wonderful machine, for by calculation, and by placing the instrument with infinite precision, you immediately point to the star you want.

November zgth.

We dined on Monday at Barthelemy's (secretary to the French Embassy), with a large company—Liicchesi, Mademoiselle d'Eon, Miss Wilkes, Sir John Macpherson, &c., &c*

Captain J. Payne being in the House of Commons the other day, during a debate relative to the Navy* had a note conveyed to him from another member, desiring him to get up and explain to the House certain sea terms which were evidently misunderstood. The note began thus: "Sir, as you are *bread to* the sea," &c,, &c. Payne took out his pencil and answered upon the same paper, "I am not bread to the sea, but the sea is

bread to
me, and d—d bad bread it is!"